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BERNARD

RHYTHM OF BERNARD DE MORLAIX

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The Rhythms of Bernard de Morlaix

ON

# The Celestial Country

AND THE HYMN ON

## The Glory of Paradise

BY

PETER DAMIANI, CARD.,

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WITH TRANSLATIONS BY J. M. NEALE.

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LONDON : H. R. ALLENSON, LTD., Racquet Court, Fleet St.

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**(RECAP)**

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## PREFACE.

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"THE Rhythm of Bernard de Morlaix, Monk of Cluny, on the Celestial Country," as the following extract was styled by the Translator, has now been for some time, out of print. I venture to believe that a fresh edition will be welcomed by many persons of very varying religious views and experience.

Of the personal history of Bernard, very little seems to be known. The statement that he came of English parents must be accepted with some caution. In the 12th century it would be far more likely that a Welsh or Cornish-speaking married couple should settle among their kinsfolk at Morlaix—Bernard's native place, than that English people should find their way there. Beyond the assertion of various German writers,\*

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\**Polycarp Leyser*: *Historia poetarum et poematum mediæ ævi*, 1721, p. 412:—*Bernardus Morlanensis vel Morlavensis alias Morlacensis Anglus . . .*

(Continued on Page iv.)

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I have been unable to get any confirmation to the statement, or any clue to an original authority.

Another difficulty in the way of accepting this suggestion is the peculiar character and beauty of the metre, which is more representative of the working of Cymric than the Teutonic mind.

This metre, in fact, more nearly resembles one to be found in Modern Welsh than anything native to English soil. Welsh readers may be reminded of that used by Glan Geirionydd in his "*Morfa Rhuddlan*;" its finished resonance and sad, intense feeling. The movement of "*Hora novissima*," is, however, more jubilant, and at the same time more suited to a sublime theme.

J. M. Neale tells us that his translation is so free, as to be little more than an imitation. This

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*Joannes Pitseus* : de rebus anglicis I. 1619, p. 205 :—  
Bernardus Morlanensis, natione Anglus . . . .

*Christophorus Hendreich* : pandectae Brandenburgicae,  
1699, p. 532 :—Bernhardus Morlanensis, vel Morlav-  
ensis, alias Morlacensis Anglus . . . .

is true, but he has been remarkably successful in interweaving fresh matter of his own, with the author's ideas. Page 13, for example, represents only two lines of the original Latin, while on the other hand, the exigencies of translation have not permitted him to reproduce all the beauties of the text. From his preface to "The Celestial Country," I extract the following :—

In the xii. century, the Abbey of Cluny, under its celebrated head, Peter the Venerable,—(he held that dignity from 1122 to 1156),—was at the very height of monastic reputation. Its glorious church, the most magnificent in France, the fulness and exactness of its ritual, and the multitude of its brethren, raised it to a pitch of fame which, perhaps, no other house ever attained.

At that time, one of its children was Bernard, born at Morlaix, in Bretagne ; but of English parents. He occupied a portion of his leisure by the composition of a poem, *De Contemptu Mundi*, in about three thousand lines. The greater part is a bitter satire on the fearful corruptions of the age ; and hence it was for the first time edited by Flacius Illyricus, the red-hot Reformer,

in his "*Varia poemata de Corrupto Ecclesiae Statu*," Basle, 1556. It has been reprinted, at least six times : by Chytræus, at Bremen, 1597 ; at Rostock, 1610 ; at Leipsic, 1626 ; by Lubinus, at Lunenburg, 1640 ; in Wachler's New Theological Annals, December, 1820 ; and in Mohnike's Studien, I. 18. There is a short notice of the author in Leyser, (Hist. Poet., p. 412.) Bernard has in some parts the energy of a second Juvenal ; and the abyss of moral corruption which he exposes, cannot be looked into without a shudder.

But, as a contrast to the misery and pollution of earth, the poem opens with a description of the peace and glory of heaven, of such rare beauty, as not easily to be matched by any mediæval composition on the same subject. Dean Trench, in his "*Sacred Latin Poetry*," has given a very beautiful cento of ninety-five lines from the work. Yet it is a mere patchwork—much being transposed as well as cancelled ; so that the editor's own admission that he has adopted "some prudent omissions," would scarcely give a fair idea of the liberties which have in reality been taken with it.

From that cento I translated the larger part, in my "*Mediæval Hymns*," following the arrangement of Dean Trench, not of Bernard. The great popularity which my translation, however inferior to the original,

attained, is evinced by the very numerous hymns compiled from it, which have found their way into modern collections ; so that, in some shape or other, the Cluniac's verses have become, as it were, naturalized among us. This led me to think that a fuller extract from the Latin, and a further translation into English, might not be unacceptable to the lovers of sacred poetry.

My own translation is so free, as to be little more than an imitation. "The poet," observes the Dean of Westminster, "instead of advancing, eddies round and round his object, recurring again and again to that which he seemed to have thoroughly treated and dismissed : " and this observation may, in itself, plead against a very close translation.

The metre of the original, whatever may be said of my taste, seems to me one of the loveliest of Mediæval measures. The verses are technically called *leonini cristati trilices dactylici* — a rhythm of intense difficulty. On this, and some other matters, let us hear the poet himself :

"Often and of long time I had heard the Bridegroom, but had not listened to him, saying—Thy voice is pleasant to mine ears. And again the Beloved cried out : Open to Me, My sister. What then ? I arose,

that I might open to my Beloved. And I said, LORD, to the end that my heart may think, that my pen may write, and that my mouth may set forth Thy praise, pour both into my heart and pen and mouth Thy grace. And the LORD said, Open thy mouth. Which He straightway filled with the SPIRIT of wisdom and understanding : that by one I might speak truly, by the other perspicuously. And I say it in no wise arrogantly, but with all humility, and therefore boldly : that unless that SPIRIT of Wisdom and understanding had been with me, and flowed in upon so difficult a metre, I could not have composed so long a work. For that kind of metre, continuous dactylic, (except the final trochee or spondee,) preserving also, as it does, the Leonine sonorousness, had almost, not to say altogether, grown obsolete through its difficulty. For Hildebert\* of Laverdin, who from his immense learning was first raised to the episcopate and then to the Metropolitan dignity ; and Vuichard, Canon of Lyons, excellent versifiers, how little they wrote in this metre, is manifest to all."

He gives his own argument in the following terms.  
"The *subject* of the author is the Advent of CHRIST to

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\* Hildebert, first, Bishop of Le Mans, and then Archbishop of Tours, was also a monk of Cluny. He died in 1132.

Judgment : the joys of the Saints, the pains of the reprobate. His *intention*, to persuade to the contempt of the world. The *use*, to despise the things of the world : to seek the things which be GOD'S. He fortifies his exordium with the authority of the Apostle John, saying, ' Little children, it is the last time ; ' where he endeavours to secure aforehand the favour of his readers, by setting the words of the Apostle before his own. At the commencement he treats of the Advent of the Judge, to render them in earnest, and by the description of celestial joy, he makes them docile."

\* \* \* \* \*

SACKVILLE COLLEGE,

[J.M.N.]

*Advent, 1898.*

The exquisite grace, the fervour and spiritual force of Bernard's lines may well confirm the reader in the belief expressed by the author, that he was favoured in their composition with a measure of inspiration from the Spirit of wisdom and understanding, and thus his words have found an echo in the hearts of generations far removed in time from his own.

As regards the life of

### **Peter Damiani**

more facts are at our disposal. He was born at Ravenna in \*988, and died at Faenza in 1072. In 1035 he became a hermit at Fonte Avellano, near Gubbio, in Umbria. He acquired a great influence among neighbouring hermits and ascetics, and introduced a regular system of self-flagellation.

Hence he may be regarded as a pioneer of the flagellant movement, and his character generally bore the brand of the ascetic, without due discrimination between things lawful and unlawful in themselves, a character which, in the long run, promotes corruption and superstition rather than purity and piety.

In 1058, he was appointed Cardinal and Bishop of Ostia, and was adviser to several popes, including the celebrated Hildebrand—Gregory VII.

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\* On page 38 I again give this date, instead of 1002, as in J. M. Neale's edition.

As a piece of literature his "*Hymnus de Gloria Paradisi*" is much inferior to the companion one by Bernard de Morlaix. The metre is redolent of the chant of the cloister, but the execution is somewhat rugged. In some places the cadences are harsh, and the rhyming, to our sense, very imperfect, as when the whole stress of a rhymed assonance is made to rest on a weak vowel. Such defects in technique may be attributed to the comparatively slight cultivation hitherto given in Italy to rhymed verse.

The "*Gloria Paradisi*" has, however, beautiful thoughts, as well as lavish imagery, very difficult, doubtless, to translate into mellifluous English verse. But whatever the difficulties, the translator has grappled with them ably.

As to our author's connection with Hildebrand, who laid the foundation of the ecclesiastical tyranny of the later Middle Ages, let us hear what Albrecht Vogel (1856) says:—

‘Damiani had, no doubt, made Hildebrand’s



acquaintance under Gregory VI., and again under Leo IX. Now (shortly before the death of the Emperor Henry III.) they were brought face to face, and this was enough to unite them closely for the future. Hildebrand was fired by the prophetic flames of Damiani's ethical energy, while Damiani was fascinated, as the humming-bird is fascinated by the snake, by the daemonic force of that calculating, unterrified, all-victorious master-mind. Sometimes he was seized with a shudder of horror at the irresistible, overpowering growth of Hildebrand; then he would blaze forth and call him his wolf, his tyrant, his holy Satan, but he always ended by lying down again at his feet, as a lion at the feet of his tamer.

On the other hand, Neukirch, in *Das Leben des P. Damiani* (1875), attempts to disconnect the aims of the two men, but nothing he says here, disproves the judgment of Vogel. While the civil authority can be made to wield the sword at the behest of the Church, and the Church demands absolute subjection of the conscience, the holy name of Christ is profaned, and darkness usurps the place of light, and the "love and patience" of the priest

becomes a hypocritical cloak. Neukirch thus sums up Damiani's position, as he understood it :—

‘The Sacerdotium needs the protection of the Regnum, and this in turn must be strengthened by the sanctity of the priestly office. The King is to draw the sword upon the Church's enemies, while the priest by prayer, guarantees peace between God and the King and his people. For the rest he keeps the limits of both authorities sharply separate : only the King has the right to use secular arms, the priest is to gird to his side the Sword spiritual, which is the Word of God ; the temporal sword he must by no means use, for the lesson Christ has taught him is love and patience ; the sword of the prince is one thing, the priest's mitre another. It is thus plain that Damiani has no notion of the Pope's temporal power, of the papal theocracy as Hildebrand conceived it. . . I think that all efforts to make Damiani a Hildebrandian, a representative of Cluniac tendencies, are quite mistaken.’

In Damiani's mind, the conflicting claims of Christ and of the Churchmanship to which he was pledged, were never sufficiently contrasted ; the Christian principle, that the spiritual should

dominate the secular, became a matter of harmful dogma, rather than of life-giving experience ; and in consequence of these inner contradictions, his life did not bear that decided stamp which his earnestness of purpose required ; nor did it, we may well believe, yield that peace of mind which he evidently longed for.

He had tasted of the new wine of the Kingdom, and his soul called for deeper draughts, but he could not meet his quest in a multiplicity of ritual, and in the exactness of a discipline which overrode the converting, transforming discipline of the Spirit.

His spirit was oppressed, without seeing a solution of the problems that confronted him. He believed, doubtless, in the power of the Keys, as vested in the hierarchy, to open the gates of the kingdom of heaven, but he needed a satisfaction which no *ex cathedrâ* utterance could give, and so seemingly in despair of the present, he looked forward to the future, to a state in which faith

should be changed into sight, not as through a glass darkly, but by open vision.

Perhaps he fell into the common error to postpone to the future life that which should in measure be experienced here ; if otherwise he proved himself beyond the teaching of that dark age, which generally placed salvation in external actions, rather than in obedience to the light of Christ inwardly manifest.

May this little work prove the means of arousing many to diligently heed this Light and Grace, which is as a beacon to guide safely from the shores of time to those of eternity and from these scenes of change, uncertainty, and trial, to the "City that hath foundations whose builder and maker is God," of whose glories Bernard of Morlaix and Damiani loved to sing.

My thanks for advice and other assistance in this re-issue are due to Dr. Rendel Harris, to Dr. Burlingham, of Hawarden, and J. V. Scholderer, of the British Museum.

J.E.S.

*8mo., 14th, 1908.*



# The Celestial Country.

BERNARD DE MORLAIX.

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THE world is very evil ; \*

The times are waxing late :

Be sober and keep vigil ;

The Judge is at the gate :

The Judge That comes in mercy,

The Judge That comes with might,

To terminate the evil,

To diadem the right.

---

\* The very able (Eastern) author of *Quelques Mots d'un Chrétien Orthodoxe*, (Leipsic, 1858) says—

C'est la conviction intérieure de l'impossibilité que leur rêve se réalise, c'est le sentiment d'une soif qu'ils ne pourront jamais étancher, qui donne aux œuvres des Réformés de notre temps un caractère tout particulier de souffrance profonde, et de désespoir véritable, masqué par des mots d'espérance. On croirait entendre cette hymne si magnifique et si douloureusement inspirée que chantait le monde Romain à peu près un siècle après sa séparation de l'Eglise :

Hora novissima, tempora pessima sunt ; vigilemus !

Ecce minaciter imminet arbiter ille supremus.

When the just and gentle Monarch  
 Shall summon from the tomb,  
 Let man, the guilty, tremble,  
 For Man, the God, shall doom.  
 Arise, arise, good Christian,  
 Let right to wrong succeed  
 Let penitential sorrow  
 To heavenly gladness lead ;  
  
 'To the light that hath no evening,\*  
 That knows nor moon nor sun,  
 The light so new and golden,  
 The light that is but one.  
 And when the Sole-Begotten  
 Shall render up once more  
 The kingdom to the FATHER  
 Whose own it was before, —

---

\* Compare a beautiful hymn on the Theban Legion,  
 which says :

Dies sine vesperâ, nocte non sepultus :  
 Quem non sol per aëra, sed divini vultus  
 Illustrat serenitas ; tali fato fultus,  
 Quo senes sunt juvenes ; nemo fit adultus.

Then glory yet unheard of  
Shall shed abroad its ray,  
Resolving all enigmas,  
An endless Sabbath-day.  
Then, then from his oppressors  
The Hebrew shall go free,  
And celebrate in triumph  
The year of Jubilee ;  
  
And the sunlit Land that recks not  
Of tempest nor of fight,  
Shall fold within its bosom  
Each happy Israelite :  
The Home of fadeless splendour  
Of flowers that fear no thorn  
Where they shall dwell as children,  
Who here as exiles mourn.  
  
Midst power that knows no limit,  
And wisdom free from bound,  
The Beatific Vision  
Shall glad the Saints around :



The peace of all the faithful,  
The calm of all the blest,  
Inviolatè, unvaried,  
Divinest, sweetest, best.

Yes, peace ! for war is needless,—  
Yes, calm ! for storm is past,—  
And goal from finished labour,  
And anchorage at last.  
That peace—but who may claim it ?  
The guileless in their way,  
Who keep the ranks of battle,  
Who mean the thing they say :

The peace that is for heaven,  
And shall be too for earth :  
The palace that re-echoes  
With festal song and mirth ;  
The garden, breathing spices,  
The paradise on high ;  
Grace beautified to glory,  
Unceasing minstrelsy.

There nothing can be feeble,  
There none can ever mourn,  
There nothing is divided,  
There nothing can be torn :  
Tis fury, ill, and scandal,  
'Tis peaceless peace below ;  
Peace, endless, strifeless, ageless.  
The halls of Syon know.

O happy, holy portion,  
Refection for the blest ;  
True vision of true beauty,  
Sweet cure of all distress !  
Strive, man, to win that glory :  
'Toil, man, to gain that light :  
Send hope before to grasp it,  
Till hope be lost in sight :  
Till Jesus gives the portion  
Those blessed souls to fill,  
The insatiate, yet satisfied,  
The full, yet craving still.

That fulness and that craving  
Alike are free from pain,  
Where thou, midst heavenly citizens,  
A home like theirs shall gain.

Here is the warlike trumpet ;  
There, life set free from sin ;  
When to the last Great Supper  
The faithful shall come in :  
When the heavenly net is laden  
With fishes many and great ;  
So glorious in its fulness,  
Yet so inviolate :

And the perfect from the shattered,  
And the fall'n from them that stand,  
And the sheep-flock from the goat-herd  
Shall part on either hand :  
And these shall pass to torment,  
And those shall pass to rest ;  
The new peculiar nation,  
'The fulness of the Blest.

Jerusalem demands them:

They paid the price on earth,  
And now shall reap the harvest  
In blissfulness and mirth:

The glorious holy people,  
Who evermore relied  
Upon their Chief and Father,  
The King, the Crucified:

The sacred ransomed number  
Now bright with endless sheen,  
Who made the Cross their watchword  
Of JESUS Nazarene:

Who, fed with heavenly nectar,  
Where soul-like odours play,  
Draw out the endless leisure  
Of that long vernal day:

While through the sacred lilies,  
And flowers on every side,  
The happy dear-bought nations  
Go wandering far and wide.

Their breasts are filled with gladness,  
Their mouths are tuned to praise,  
What time, now safe for ever,  
On former sins they gaze :

The fouler was the error,  
The sadder was the fall,  
The ampler are the praises  
Of Him who pardoned all.  
Their one and only anthem,  
The fulness of His love,  
Who gives, instead of torment,  
Eternal joys above :

Instead of torment, glory ;  
Instead of death that life  
Wherewith your happy Country,  
True Israelites ! is rife.

Brief life is here our portion ;  
Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;  
The life that knows no ending,  
The tearless life, is *There*.  
O happy retribution !  
Short toil, eternal rest ;  
For mortals and for sinners  
A mansion with the blest !  
  
That we should look, poor wand'ers,  
To have our home on high !  
That worms should seek for dwellings  
Beyond the starry sky !  
To all one happy guerdon  
Of one celestial grace ;  
For all, for all, who mourn their fall,  
Is one eternal place :  
  
And martyrdom hath roses  
Upon that heavenly ground :  
And white and virgin lilies  
For virgin-souls abound.

There grief is turned to pleasure  
Such pleasure, as below  
No human voice can utter,  
No human heart can know

And after fleshly scandal,  
And after this world's night,  
And after storm and whirlwind,  
Is calm, and joy, and light.  
And now we fight the battle,  
But then shall wear the crown  
Of full and everlasting  
And passionless renown :

And now we watch and struggle,  
And now we live in hope,  
And Syon, in her anguish,  
With Babylon must cope:  
But He Whom now we trust in  
Shall then be seen and known,  
And they that know and see Him  
Shall have Him for their own.

The miserable pleasures  
Of the body shall decay:  
The bland and flattering straggles  
Of the flesh shall pass away:  
And none shall there be jealous;  
And none shall there contend:  
Fraud, clamour, guile—what say I?  
— All ill, all ill shall end !

And there is David's Fountain,  
And life in fullest glow,  
And there the light is golden,  
And milk and honey flow:  
The light that hath no evening,  
The health that hath no sore,  
The life that hath no ending,  
But lasteth evermore.

There JESUS shall embrace us,  
There JESUS be embraced,—  
That spirit's food and sunshine  
Whence meaner love is chased.



Amidst the happy chorus,  
A place, however low,  
Shall shew Him us; and shewing,  
Shall satiate evermo.

By hope we struggle onward,  
While here we must be fed  
With milk, as tender infants,  
But there with Living Bread.  
The night was full of terror,  
The morn is bright with gladness:  
The Cross becomes our harbour,  
And we triumph after sadness:

And JESUS to his true ones  
Brings trophies fair to see:  
And JESUS shall be loved, and  
Beheld in Galilee.  
Beheld, when morn shall waken,  
And shadows shall decay,  
And each true-hearted servant  
Shall shine as doth the day:

And every ear shall hear it ;—  
Behold thy King's array ;  
Behold thy God in beauty ;  
The Law hath past away !

Yes ! God my King and Portion,  
In fulness of His grace,  
We then shall see for ever,  
And worship face to face.  
Then Jacob into Israel,  
From earthlier self estranged,  
And Leah into Rahel  
For ever shall be changed :

Then all the halls of Syon  
For aye shall be complete ;  
And, in the Land of Beauty,  
All things of beauty meet.

For thee, O dear, dear Country !  
Mine eyes their vigils keep ;  
For very love, beholding  
Thy happy name they weep :

The mention of thy glory  
Is unction to the breast,  
And medicine in sickness,  
And love, and life, and rest.

O one, O lonely Mansion !  
O Paradise of Joy !  
Where tears are ever banished,  
And smiles have no alloy ;

Beside thy living waters  
All plants are, great and small,  
The cedar of the forest,  
The hyssop of the wall :  
With jaspers glow thy bulwarks ;  
Thy streets with emeralds blaze,  
The sardius and the topaz  
Unite in thee their rays :

Thine ageless walls are bonded  
With amethyst unpriced :  
Thy Saints build up its fabric,  
And the corner-stone is CHRIST.  
The Cross is all thy splendour,  
The Crucified thy praise :  
His laud and benediction  
Thy ransomed people raise :  
  
JESUS, the Gem of Beauty,  
True GOD and Man, they sing  
The never-failing Garden,  
The ever-golden Ring :  
The Door, the Pledge, the Husband,  
The Guardian of His Court :  
The Day-star of Salvation,  
The Porter and the Port.  
  
Thou hast no shore, fair ocean !  
Thou hast no time, bright day !  
Dear fountain of refreshment  
To pilgrims far away !

Upon the Rock of Ages

They raise thy holy tower :  
Thine is the victor's laurel,  
And thine the golden dower :

'Thou feel'st in mystic rapture,  
O Bride that know'st no guile,  
The Prince's sweetest kisses,  
The Prince's loveliest smile :  
Unfading lilies, bracelets  
Of living pearl, thine own ;  
'The LAMB is ever near thee,  
'The Bridegroom thine alone :

'The Crown is He to guerdon,  
'The Buckler to protect,  
And He himself the Mansion,  
And He the Architect.  
'The only art thou needest,  
'Thanksgiving for thy lot :  
'The only joy thou seekest,  
The Life where Death is not :

And all thine endless leisure  
In sweetest accents sings,  
The ill that was thy merit,—  
The wealth that was thy King's !

JERUSALEM THE GOLDEN,\*  
WITH MILK AND HONEY BLEST,  
BENEATH THY CONTEMPLATION  
SINK HEART AND VOICE OPPRESSED :  
I KNOW NOT, O I KNOW NOT,  
WHAT SOCIAL JOYS ARE THERE ;  
WHAT RADIANCY OF GLORY,  
WHAT LIGHT BEYOND COMPARE !  
  
AND WHEN I FAIN WOULD SING THEM,  
MY SPIRIT FAILS AND FAINTS,—  
AND VAINLY WOULD IT IMAGE  
THE ASSEMBLY OF THE SAINTS.

---

\* The Hymn "*Jerusalem the Golden.*"

THEY STAND THOSE HALLS OF SYON,  
CONJUBILANT WITH SONG,  
AND BRIGHT WITH MANY AN ANGEL,  
AND ALL THE MARTYR THRONG :

THE PRINCE IS EVER IN THEM ;  
THE DAYLIGHT IS SERENE ;  
THE PASTURES OF THE BLESSED  
ARE DECKED IN GLORIOUS SHEEN.  
THERE IS THE THRONE OF DAVID, —  
AND THERE, FROM CARE RELEASED,  
\*THE SONG OF THEM THAT TRIUMPH,  
THE SHOUT OF THEM THAT FEAST ;  
AND THEY WHO, WITH THEIR LEADER,  
HAVE CONQUERED IN THE FIGHT,  
FOR EVER AND FOR EVER  
ARE CLAD IN ROBES OF WHITE.

---

\* He is referring to the Vulgate Translation of  
Psalm xlii., 4, 5.

O hoily, placid harp-notes  
Of that eternal hymn !  
O sacred, sweet refection,  
And peace of Seraphim !  
O thirst, for ever ardent,  
Yet ever more content !  
O true, peculiar vision  
Of GOD cunctipotent !

Ye know the many mansions  
For many a glorious name,  
And divers retributions  
That divers merits claim :  
For midst the constellations  
That deck our earthly sky,  
This star than that is brighter,—  
And so it is on high.



Jerusalem the glorious !

The glory of the Elect !

O dear and future vision

That eager hearts expect :

Even now by faith I see thee :

Even here thy walls discern :

To thee my thoughts are kindled,

And strive and pant and yearn :

Jerusalem the onely,

That look'st from heaven below,

In thee is all my glory ;

In me is all my woe ;

And though my body may not,

My spirit seeks thee fain,

Till flesh and earth return me

To earth and flesh again.

O none can tell thy bulwarks,

How gloriously they rise :

O none can tell thy capitals

Of beautiful device :

Thy loveliness oppresses  
All human thought and heart :  
And none, O peace, O Syon,  
Can sing thee as thou art.

New mansion of new people,  
Whom God's own love and light  
Promote, increase, make holy,  
Identify, unite.

Thou City of the Angels !  
Thou City of the Lord !  
Whose everlasting music  
Is the glorious decachord ! \*

And there the band of Prophets  
United praise ascribes,  
And there the twelvefold chorus  
Of Israel's ransomed tribes :

---

\* *Decachord*. With reference to the mystical explanation, which, seeing in the number *ten* a type of perfection, understands the "instrument of ten strings" of the perfect harmony of heaven.

The lily-beds of virgins,  
The roses' martyr glow,  
The cohort of the Fathers  
Who kept the faith below.

And there the Sole-Begotten  
Is Lord in regal state ;  
He, Judah's mystic Lion,  
He, Lamb Immaculate.  
O fields that know no sorrow !  
O state that fears no strife !  
O princely bow'rs ! O land of flow'rs !  
O Realm and Home of Life !

Jerusalem, exulting  
On that securest shore,  
I hope thee, wish thee, sing thee,  
And love thee evermore !  
I ask not for my merit :  
I seek not to deny

My merit is destruction,  
A child of wrath am I :

But yet with Faith I venture  
And Hope upon my way ;  
For those perennial guerdons  
I labour night and day.  
The Best and Dearest FATHER  
Who made me and Who saved,  
Bore with me in defilement,  
And from defilement laved :

When in His strength I struggle,  
For very joy I leap ;  
When in my sin I totter,  
I weep, or try to weep :  
And grace, sweet grace celestial,  
Shall all its love display,  
And David's Royal Fountain  
Purge every sin away.

O mine, my golden Syon !  
O lovelier far than gold !  
With laurel-girt battalions,  
And safe victorious fold :  
O sweet and blessed Country,  
Shall I ever see thy face ?

O sweet and blessed Country,  
Shall I ever win thy grace ?  
I *have* the hope within me  
To comfort and to bless !  
Shall I ever win the prize itself ?  
O tell me, tell me, Yes !

Exult, O dust and ashes !  
The Lord shall be thy part :  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !  
Exult, O dust and ashes  
The LORD shall be thy part :  
His only, His for ever,  
Thou shalt be, and thou art !

## **Bernardus Cluniacensis de Contemptu Mundi ad Petrum Abbatem.**

---

HORA novissima, tempora pessima sunt, vigilemus !  
Ecce minaciter imminet Arbiter Ille supremus :  
Imminet, imminet, ut mala terminet, æqua coronet,  
Recta remuneret, anxia liberet, æthera donet.  
Auferat aspera duraque pondera mentis onustæ,  
Sobria muniat, improba puniat, utraque juste.  
Ille piissimus, ille gravissimus, ecce venit Rex :  
Surgat homo reus, instat Homo Deus, a Patre Judex.

Curre, vir optime, lubrica reprime, præfer honesta,  
Fletibus angere, flendo merebere cœlica festa.  
Luce replebere jam sine vespere, jam sine lunâ :  
Lux nova, lux ea, lux erit aurea, lux erit una.  
Cum Sapientia, sive Potentia Patria, tradet  
Regna Patri sua, tunc ad eum tua semita vadet :  
Tunc nova gloria pectora sobria clarificabit,  
Solvat enigmata, veraque Sabbata continuabit.

Liber et hostibus, et dominantibus, ibit Hebræus ;  
Liber habebitur, et celebrabitur hinc Jubilæus.  
Patria luminis, inscia turbinis, inscia litis,  
Cive replebitur, amplificabitur Israelitis :  
Patria splendida terraque florida, libera spinis,  
Danda fidelibus est ibi civibus, hic peregrinis.  
Tunc erit omnibus inspicientibus ora Tonantis  
Summa potentia, plena scientia, pax pia sanctis.  
Pax erit omnibus illa fidelibus, illa beata,  
Irresolubilis, invariabilis, intemerata :  
Pax sine crimine, pax sine turbine, pax sine rixâ ;  
Meta laboribus, atque tumultibus anchora fixa.  
Pax erit omnibus unica. Sed quibus ? Immaculatis,  
Pectore mitibus, ordine stantibus, ore sacratis ;  
Pax ea, pax rata, pax superis data, danda modestis,  
Plenaque vocibus, atque canoribus atria festis.  
Hortus odoribus affluet omnibus, hic paradisus,  
Plenaque gratia, plenaque gaudia, cantica, risus ;  
Plena redemptio, plena refectio, gloria plena :  
Vi, lue, luctibus aufugientibus, exule poenâ.

Nil ibi debile, nil ibi flebile, nil ibi scissum ;  
Res ibi publica pax erit unica, pax in idipsum.  
Hic furor, hic mala, schismata, scandala, pax sine pace;  
Pax sine litibus, et sine luctibus in Syon arce.  
O sacra potio, sacra refectio, visio pacis,  
Mentis et unctio, nullaque mentio ventris edacis !  
Hâc homo nititur, ambulat, utitur, ergo fruetur ;  
Pax rata, pax ea, spe modo, postea re, capietur ;  
Jesus erit pius, et decor illius esca beatis,  
Pascua mentibus, hanc sitientibus, hâc satiatis ;  
Et sitiens eris, et satiaberis hâc dape vitæ ;  
In neutro labor, una quies, amor unus utrique.  
Civibus ætheris associaberis, advena civis ;  
Hic tuba, pax ibi, vita manens tibi, qui bene vivis.  
Hic erit omnibus una fidelibus ultima cœna ;  
Tunc cumulabitur atque replebitur illa sagena ;  
Denique, piscibus integra pluribus, integra magnis,  
Glorificabitur : hic removebitur anguis ab agnis.  
Per sacra lilia, perque virentia germina florum,  
Expatiabitur, ac modulabitur ordo piorum :



Pectora plausibus atque canoribus ora parabit,  
Cum sua crimina, lapsaque pristina stans memorabit.  
Quo fuit amplior error, iniquior actio mentis,  
Laus erit amplior, hymnus et altior, hanc abolentis.  
Unica cantio tunc, miseratio plena Tonantis ;  
Laus erit unica, pro stipe cœlica præmia dantis ;  
Pro stipe præmia, pro cruce gaudia, pro nece vita  
Illa tenebitur, inde replebitur Israelita.

Hic breve vivitur, hic breve plangitur, hic breve fletur;  
Non breve vivere, non breve plangere retribuetur.  
O retributio ! stat brevis actio, vita perennis ;  
O retributio ! cœlica mansio stat lue plenis.  
Quid datur et quibus æther? egentibus et cruce dignis,  
Sidera vermibus, optima sontibus, astra malignis.  
Cœlica gratia criminis omnia non modo donat,  
Sed super æthera (suscipe viscera tanta) coronat.  
Omnibus unica cœlica gratia retribuetur,  
Omnibus, omnibus ulcera flentibus accipietur.  
Tunc rosa sanguine, lilia virgine mente micabunt ;  
Gaudia maxima te, pia lacryma te recreabunt.

Nunc tibi tristia ; tunc tibi gaudia ; gaudia quanta ?  
Vox nequit edere, lumina cernere, tangere planta.  
Post nigra, post mala, post fera scandala, quæ caro  
præstat,

Absque nigredine lux, sine turbine pax, tibi restat.  
Sunt modo prælia, postmodo præmia. Qualia ?  
Plena :

Plena refectio, nullaque passio, nullaque pœna.  
Spe modo vivitur, et Syon angitur a Babylone ;  
Nunc tribulatio ; tunc recreatio, sceptræ, coronæ.  
Qui modo creditur, ipse videbitur, atque sciatur :  
Ipse videntibus atque scientibus attribuetur.  
Plena refectio, tunc pia visio, visio JESU :  
Hôc speculabitur, hôc satiabitur Israel esu ;  
Hôc satiabitur, huic sociabitur in Syon arce.  
O bone Rex, ibi nullus eget tibi dicere, Parce !  
Cor miserabile corpus inutile, non erit ultra ;  
Nulla cadavera, nullaque funera, nulla sepulchra ;  
Quodque beatius est, mala longius omnia fient :  
Ob tua crimina, jam tua lumina non mæficient.

Flendaque gaudia, blandaque prælia carnis abibunt ;  
Fraus, probra, jurgia,—quid moror? OMNIA prava  
peribunt.

Gens bene vivida, vitaque florida, fons David undans ;  
Lux erit aurea terraque lactea, melle redundans.  
Lux ea vespere, gens lue, funere vita carebit ;  
JESUS habebitur, ipse tenebitur, ipse tenebit.  
Spe modo nitimur ; ubere pascimur hic ; ibi pane ;  
Nox mala plurima dat ; dabit intima gaudia Mane :  
Gaudia passio, regna redemptio, crux sacra portum,  
Lacryma plaudere, poena quiescere, terminus ortum.  
JESUS amantibus afferet omnibus alta trophæa ;  
JESUS amabitur, atque videbitur in Galilæâ.  
Mane videbitur, umbra fugabitur, ordo patebit ;  
Mane nitens erit, et bona qui gerit, ille nitebit.  
Tunc pia sentiet auris, et audiet, Ecce tuus Rex :  
Ecce DEUS tuus, ecce decor suus hic stat, abit lex.  
Pars mea, Rex meus, in proprio DEUS ipse decore  
Visus amabitur, atque videbitur Auctor in ore.

Tunc Jacob Israel, et Lia tunc Rahel efficietur ;  
Tunc Syon atria, pulchraque patria perficietur.

O bona Patria, lumina sobria te speculantur :  
Ad tua nomina, sobria lumina collacrymantur :  
Est tua mentio pectoris unctio, cura doloris,  
Concipientibus æthera mentibus ignis amoris.  
Tu locus unicus, illeque cœlicus es paradiscus :  
Non ibi lacryma, sed placidissima gaudia, risus.  
Est tibi consita laurus, et insita cedrus hysopo  
Sunt radiantia jaspide mœnia, clara pyropo.  
Hinc tibi sardius, inde topazius, hinc amethystus :  
Est tua fabrica concio cœlica, gemmaque CHRISTUS.  
Lux tua, mors crucis, atque Caro Ducis est Crucifixi :  
Laus, benedictio conjubilatio personat ipsi.  
Dos tibi florida, Gemmaque lucida, Rex Nazarenus :  
JESUS, Homo DEUS, Annulus aureus, Hortus amœnus :  
Janua, Janitor, ipseque Portitor, ipseque Portus,  
Ipse salutifer est tibi Lucifer, Arrha, Vir, Ortus.

Tu sine littore, tu sine tempore, fons, modo rivus,  
Dulce bonis sapis, estque tibi Lapis undique Vivus.  
Ipse tuus DEUS est lapis aureus, est tibi murus  
Inviolabilis, insuperabilis, haud ruiturus.  
Est tibi laurea, dos datur aurea, sponsa decora,  
Primaque Principis oscula suscipis, inspicis ora.  
Candida lilia, viva monilia, sunt tibi, sponsa :  
Agnus adest tibi, Sponsus adest tibi, lux speciosa.  
Ars tua plaudere, munera vivere jam sine morte :  
Pax tua, præmia ; conditor, atria ; crux sacra, portæ ;  
Tota negotia, cantica dulcia dulce tonare,  
Tam mala debita, quam bono præbita conjubilare.  
Sors tua gaudia fine carentia, nil dare triste ;  
Lex tua psallere, gloria dicere, Laus tibi, CHRISTE.  
Urbs Syon, urbs bona, Patria consona, Patria dulcis,  
Ad tua gaudia corda soles pia ducere, ducis.  
Jerusalem pia Patria, non via, pulchra platea :  
At tua munera sit via dextera, Pythagoræa.

Urbs Syon aurea, Patria lactea, cive decora,  
Omne cor obruis, omnibus obstruis et cor et ora.

Nescio, nescio, quæ jubilatio, lux tibi qualis,  
Quam socialia gaudia, gloria quam specialis.  
Laude studens ea tollere, mens mea victa fatiscit ;  
O bona gloria, vincor ; in omnia laus tua vicit.  
Stant Syon atria conjubilantia, martyre plena,  
Cive micantia, Principe stantia, luce serena.  
Est tibi pascua mitibus afflua, præstita sanctis ;  
Regis ibi thronus, agminis et sonus est epulantis.  
Gens duce splendida, concio candida, vestibus albis,  
Sunt sine fletibus in Syon ædibus, ædibus almis ;  
Sunt sine crimine, sunt sine turbine, sunt sine lite  
In Syon ædibus editioribus Israëlita.  
Pax ibi florida, pascua vivida, viva medulla,  
Nulla molestia, nulla tragœdia, lacryma nulla.  
O sacra potio, sacra refectio, pax animarum,  
O pius, O bonus O placidus sonus, hymnus earum !

Urbs Syon inclyta, gloria debita glorificandis,  
Tu bona viribus interioribus intima pandis ;

Intima lumina, mentis acumina, te speculantur ;  
Pectora flammea spe modo, postea sorte, lucrantur.  
Urbs Syon unica mansio mystica, condita cœlo,  
Nunc tibi gaudeo, nunc mihi lugeo, tristor, anhelō:  
Te quia corpore non queo, pectore sæpe penetro ;  
Sed, caro terrea, terraque carnea, mox cado retro.  
Nemo retexere, nemoque promere sustinet ore,  
Quo tua mœnia, quo capitalia, plena nitore.  
Id queo dicere, quomodo tangere pollice cœlum ;  
Ut mare currere, sicut in aëre figere telum.  
Opprimit omne cor ille tuus decor, O Syon, O pax:  
Urbs sine tempore, nulla potest fore laus tibi  
mendax :

O nova mansio, te pia concio, gens pia munit,  
Provehit, excitat, auget, identitat, efficit, unit.  
Te DEUS expolit, angelus incolit, incolit ordo,  
Cui cubus additur, et sonus editur a decachordo.  
Florida vatibus, aurea patribus es duodenis;  
Clara fidelibus, esurientibus hic, ibi plenis.

Sunt tibi lilia pura cubilia virginitatis,  
Est rosa sanguine purpura, lumine sobrietatis.  
Teque Patrum chorus ornat, habet thorus immaculatus :  
Sanctaque victima sanctaque lacryma pœna reatus.  
Rex tibi Filius unicus, illius Ille Mariæ,  
Stirps sacra Virginis, Author originis, Ensque sophiæ ;  
Rex tibi præsidet, et tua possidet atria, magnus,  
Qui Patris Unicus est, Leo mysticus, et tamen Agnus.  
O sine luxibus, O sine luctibus, O sine lite,  
Splendida Curia, florida Patria, Patria vitæ !

Urbs Syon inclyta, turris et edita littore tuto,  
Te peto, te colo, te flagro, te volo, canto, saluto :  
Nec meritis peto ; nam meritis meto morte perire :  
Nec reticens tego, quod meritis ego filius iræ.  
Vita quidem mea, vita nimis rea mortua vita,  
Quippe reatibus exitialibus obruta, trita.  
Spe tamen ambulo, præmia postulo speque, fideque ;  
Illa perennia postulo præmia nocte dieque :



Me Pater optimus atque piissimus ille creavit,  
In lue pertulit, ex lue sustulit, a lue lavit.  
Dum sua suppleo robora, gaudeo : cum mea ploro,  
Tunc sibi gaudeo, tunc mihi defleo, flere laboro :  
Diluit omnia coelica gratia, Fons David undans :  
Omnia diluit, omnibus affluit, omnia mundans,

O mea, spes mea, tu Syon aurea, clarior auro,  
Agmine splendida, stans duce florida perpete  
lauro ;

O bona Patria, num tua gaudia teque videbo ?

O bona Patria, num tua præmia plena tenebo ?

Dic mihi, flagito ; verbaque reddito, dicque,—  
Videbis :

Spem solidam gero : rem-ne tenens ero ? Dic,—  
Retinebis.

Plaude cinis meus, est tua pars DEUS: ejus es, et sis :

Plaude cinis meus, est tua pars DEUS: ejus es, et sis.

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THE GLORY OF PARADISE.

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## Cardinal Peter Damiani his Hymn on the Glory of Paradise.

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NOTE BY J. M. NEALE.

[The following Hymn, the crowning glory of St. Peter Damiani (988—1072) has been sometimes, but most absurdly, attributed to S. Augustine. It is, in fact, only a repetition of passages in the xvth chapter of the author's fiftieth treatise,—*On the Character of a Nun*. The base of the Translation is Mr. Wackerbarth's : but there is scarcely a stanza that has not been more or less altered.]

---

FOR the fount of life eternal  
Longs the soul with eager thirst ;  
As the imprisoned restless spirit  
Seeks her fleshly gates to burst ;  
Struggling, yearning, for the Country  
Whence she has been banished erst.  
While she wails for her condition,  
Pressed by grief, by sorrow crossed,  
Sad she looks upon the glory  
Her delinquency has cost :  
Present misery but increases  
Memory of her blessings lost.

**Petri Damiani Card. Hymnus de  
Gloria Paradisi.**

---

Ad perennis vitæ fontem  
Mens sitivit arida ;  
Claustra carnis præsto frangi,  
Clausæ quærit anima ;  
Gliscit, ambit, eluctatur,  
Exul frui Patriâ.

Dum pressuris et ærumnis  
Se gemit obnoxiam,  
Quam amisit, dum deliquit,  
Contemplatur gloriam ;  
Præsens malum auget boni  
Perditi memoriam.

For of everlasting quiet  
Who the joyousness can tell?  
Where in glorious edifices  
All of living pearl they dwell ;  
While with burnished gold the buildings  
And the couches gleam as well.

'Twelve dear gems of countless value  
Form the walls' foundation stone :  
Polished gold, like beaming crystal,  
Paves the glorious streets alone :  
No pollution, no defilement,  
Rain, nor melting snow are known,

Winter brawling, summer flaming,  
Never more their harms can bring ;  
Everlasting roses blooming  
Make an everlasting spring :  
Lily blanching, crocus blushing,  
And the balsam perfuming.

Nam quis promat summa pacis  
 Quanta sit lætitia ?  
 Ubi vivis margaritis  
 Surgunt ædificia :  
 Auro celso micant tecta,  
 Radiant triclinia.  
 Solis gemmis pretiosis  
 Hæc structura nititur ;  
 Auro mundo tanquam vitro  
 Urbis via sternitur ?  
 Abest linus, deest finis ;  
 (¹) Lues nulla cernitur.  
 Hyems horrens, æstas torrens,  
 Illic nunquam sæviunt ;  
 Flos perpetus rosarum  
 Ver agit perpetuum ;  
 Candent lilia, rubescit  
 Crocus, sudat balsamum

---

(¹) *Lues* is here used in its original sense of melting snow, —“slush ;” a word, which by reason of the extreme filthiness of such snow when trodden under foot, by a natural metaphor came to signify any defilement.

Pasture groweth, flow'ret bloweth,  
Honey streameth rivers fair ;  
While with aromatic perfume  
Gloweth all the grateful air ;  
Flowery fruits that never wither  
Hang in every thicket there.

There's no waxing moon, nor waning ;  
Sun, nor stars in courses bright ;  
For the LAMB to that glad City  
Is the everlasting light :  
There the daylight shines for ever,  
And unknown are time and night.

There the Saints, in beauty vested,  
As the sun, in glory pure,  
Crowned in triumph's flushing honours,  
Knit in unison secure,  
Now in safety tell their battles,  
And their foes' discomfiture.

Virent prata, vernant sata,  
Rivi mellis influunt ;  
Pigmentorum spirat odor,  
Liquor et aromatum ;  
Pendent poma floridorum  
Non lapsura nemorum.

Non alternat luna vices,  
Sol, vel cursus siderum ;  
Agnus est felicitis Urbis  
Lumen inocciduum ;  
Nox et tempus desunt ei ;  
Diem fert continuum.

Nam et sancti quique velut  
Sol præclarus rutilant :  
Post triumphum coronati,  
Mutuo conjubilant :  
Et prostrati pugnæ hostis  
Jam securi numerant.



Freed from every stain of evil,  
All their carnal wars are done ;  
For the flesh made spiritual,  
And the soul agree in one :  
Peace unbroken spreads enjoyment ;  
Sin and scandal are unknown.

Stript of changefulness, united  
To primæval Being's spring,  
And the present form and essence  
Of the 'Truth contemplating,  
There they quaff the vital sweetness  
Of the Well of Quickening.

Thence it is, that perfect sameness  
Perfect joy doth still enhance :  
Beauteous, keen, and gay, and noble,  
Unexposed to change and chance,  
Health is theirs untouched by sickness,  
Youth that fears not eld's advance.

Omni labe defecati  
Carnis bella nesciunt ;  
Caro factus spiritalis  
Et mens unum sentiunt ;  
Pace multâ perfruentes  
Scandala non perferunt.

Mutabilibus exuti,  
Repetunt originem ;  
Et præsentem veritatis  
Contemplantur speciem ;  
Hinc vitalem vivi fontis  
Hauriunt dulcedinem.

Inde statum semper iidem  
Exeuntes capiunt ;  
Clari, vividi, jucundi,  
Nullis patent casibus :  
Absunt morbi semper sanis,  
Senectus juvenibus.

Here they live in endless being :  
    Passingness hath passed away :  
Here they bloom, they thrive, they flourish,  
    For decayed is all decay :  
That immortal breeze's vigour  
    Ended Death's malignant sway.

Knowing Him Who all things knoweth,  
    What is there they fail to know ?  
For into the deepest secrets  
    Of each other's souls they go ;  
One in willing, one in nilling,  
    Unity their spirits show.

Though each Saint's respective merit  
    Hath his varying palm assigned,  
Love takes all as his possession,  
    Where his power has all combined ;  
So that all that each possesses,  
    All partake in unconfined.

Hinc perenne tenent esse,  
Nam transire transiit ;  
Inde virent, vigent, florent,  
Corruptela corrui ;  
Immortalis vigor auræ  
Mortis jus absorbit.

Qui scientem cuncta sciunt,  
Quid jam scire nesciunt ?  
Nam et pectoris arcana  
Penetrant alterutrum ;  
Unum volunt, unum nolunt,  
Unitas est mentium.

Licet cuique sit diversum  
Pro labore meritum,  
Charitas haec suum facit,  
Quod dum amat alterum ;  
Proprium sic singulorum  
Commune fit omnium.

Where the sacred Body lieth  
Eagle souls will congregate ;  
Who, with Saints and happy Angels,  
Thus their spirits recreate ;  
One same Living Bread sustaining  
Denizens of either state.

Ever full, but hungry ever,  
What they have they still desire ;  
Never suffer surfeit's loathing,  
Nor yet famine's torment dire :  
Hungering still, they eat ; and eating,  
Still the sacred Food require.

Lovely voices make a concert <sup>(1)</sup>  
Ever new and ever clear ;  
And in never-ceasing festal  
Organs sooth the ravished ear ;  
Worthily the King they honour  
Who hath won them victory's cheer.

---

(1) Had I dared, I would have used our very pretty  
Sussex word, *Chavish*. It means the sweet confusion of  
melody that birds, in spring-time, make in a wood.

Ubi corpus, illic jure  
Congregantur aquilæ,  
Quo cum Angelis et Sanctis  
Recreantur animæ ;  
Uno Pane vivunt cives  
Utriusque Patriæ.

Avidi et semper pleni,  
Quod habent desiderant :  
Non satietas fastidit,  
Neque fames cruciat ;  
Inhiantes semper edunt,  
Et edentes inhiant.

Novas semper harmonías  
Vox meloda concrepat ;  
Et in jubilum prolata  
Mulcent aures organa ;  
Digna per quem sunt victores  
Regi dant præconia.

Who shall see Heaven's Monarch present,  
O how blest that happy soul !  
And, beneath His Throne of Glory,  
Watch the orbs of nature roll,  
Sun, and Moon, and Stars, and Planets,  
As they course around the pole !

CHRIST, Thy soldiers' palm of honour,  
To this City bright and free  
Lead me, when my warfare's girdle  
I shall cast away from me ;  
A partaker in Thy bounty  
With Thy blessed ones to be !

Grant me vigour, while I labour  
In the ceaseless battle pressed ;  
'That 'Thou may'st, the conflict over,  
Give me everlasting rest ;  
And that I at length inherit  
Thee my portion ever blest.

*Amen.*

Felix cœli quæ præsentem  
Regem cernit anima,  
Et sub sede spectat altâ  
Orbis volvi machinam,  
Solem, lunam, et globosa  
Cum planetis sidera !

CHRISTE, Palma bellatorum,  
Hoc in Municipium  
Introduc me, post solutum  
Militare cingulum ;  
Fac consortem donativi  
Beatorum civium.

Præbe vires inexhausto  
Laboranti prælio ;  
Ut quietem post præcinctum  
Debeas emerito ;  
Teque merear potiri  
Sine fine præmio.

*Amen.*







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